

Student Number 801696969

Name THE TOIKE OIKE
SURNAME GIVEN NAMES
(Please print in block letters)

Faculty or School of Registration Applied Science

Course Comic Relief 4695
(e.g. PHL 202S, ANTAOIY)

Instructor Engineering Society

Date of Examination April 5, 1984

Place of Examination Drill Hall

BOOK NO. 5

TOTAL NUMBER OF BOOKS USED 16,000

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INSTRUCTIONS

Write the information sought in the spaces above.

Write the answers on the RULED SIDE ONLY; all calculations or rough drafts of answers should be shown, preferably on the unruled side.

Clearly identify the question to which each answer applies; whenever the answer to a question is divided, note at the end of the first section "see also work on page".

If a page is left blank write only "see work on page".

If more than one book is used, indicate the total number on the cover of each. At the conclusion of the examination, place all other books inside Book No. 1.

Do not take any page out of this book.

EXAMINER'S REPORT

1	9/20
2	6.5/20
3	7/20
4	3/20
5	12/20
6	
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Total	37.5/100

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University of Toronto

The University of Toronto Engineering Society

Toike Oike



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Schnüing



(shne'ing), n l. An enjoyable activity that combines après ski excitement with the cool minty flavour of Hiram Walker Schnapps. For schniers, the taste is a cool blast of freshness that feels like they never left the slopes!

HIRAM WALKER SCHNAPPS.
WHAT A DIFFERENCE A NAME MAKES.

An Editorial

Ah! It's that wonderful time again. That time when we all suddenly realize how little we've learned despite all the work we thought we did. Pretty soon the last lab report will have been written, the last term paper submitted and we'll be ready to start cramming. I don't know about you, but I love it! Under the pressure of exams, concepts that have confounded you all year suddenly become crystal clear.

Your mind is capable of mental exertions of herculean proportions. Your body grudgingly suffers through sleepless nights. Life has meaning. Of course, it's a great excuse for gorging on junk food, laying off your exercises and generally being in a lousy mood, but that's beside the point.

Have you ever noticed how the weather turns beautiful the day exams begin? Forget the groundhog—the appearance of the final exam schedule, that's what forecasts the end of winter. Mind you, it's never really warm enough to actually study outside in the sun. No, it just looks real nice through the window. Mother Nature's a bitch, in case you didn't know.

Sure. Exam week is just fine by me. I always know when the batteries in both my calculators are going to die. Soon after they do I know my mechanical pencil will start satisfying its voracious appetite for 0.5 mm diameter graphite leads. I could time it down to the minute; that's if my watch were still working. But then exam time is no time to let little things like that bother you.

Instead, maybe you should be concerned about the conspiracy against you. Why is it, that in all the years that you have blessed this institution with your presence, you have not once received a reasonable exam schedule? You don't ask much. Just something more substantial than a few hours sleep between exams. The computer is supposed to space things out as much as possible.

Isn't it? Notice how nobody really seems to know who programmed the damn thing? I'll bet it was one of those guys in Med Sci who perform experiments on mice.

It certainly is a funny time. All around you, your friends begin to crack. They think that you're cracking too, but they're wrong. You watch the people whom you thought you knew. Isn't that the same pair of brown corduroy pants he's been wearing all week? Since when did that guy have a 'lucky toque' with wobbly eyes tacked onto it? And where did the dozens of tiny teddybears come from? People sure do some silly things during exams.

Of course exams do more than just disturb the lives of students, they wreak havoc on the whole world. Take the economy for example. During exams the sale of razor blades falls dramatically. Gillette has lay-offs. No kidding! Most male students, and female students too but they won't admit it, find the thought of shaving particularly loathsome during this time of year. Now they may use 'lack of time' or 'good luck' as an excuse for this peculiar trait, but the truth of the matter is that during exams is not a healthy time to be playing with razor blades. It's the subconscious mind's way of steering us clear of temptation. But don't be fooled. If you see a clean shaven guy on campus, don't admire how well he handles the pressure. I'll lay odds he's got a Braun on the shelf back home.

But then that's the secret. Let everyone else think that you're not worried at all. Play it cool, baby. Wipe that wild-eyed look off your face the moment you step out the door. Whistle a bit, that always helps. But don't get carried away. There's nothing more pitiful than watching a group of desperate students huddled in front of Drill Hall arguing about who knows the least. That just makes the keeners grin and the pros laugh.

Finally, a word about the word *exam*. Why is it called an exam?

Sure it's a contraction of *examination*, but that doesn't make much sense either. The prof, or the guy sitting next to you, may glance at you once or twice while you write, but it sure isn't any examination. It must be psychological. They don't call it a quiz or a test because that wouldn't scare us enough. No, it has to be an *exam*. Mind you, the term *final* has a nice ring to it too. Kind of ominous. The combination *final exam* is enough to strike fear into the heart of the bravest soul. But we must fight this fear. It makes us smoke too much, gives us ulcers and cultivates grey hairs. It's nasty. Yet there is a solution; a way to remove the fear. Let's just wipe out the word *exam*. Let's replace it with a nice word, a happy word, a word like...*orgasm*. Suddenly, writing an exam becomes something to look forward to.

"I've got an orgasm scheduled for 9:00 a.m. tomorrow."

"You're lucky! Mine's not 'til noon."

Nobody minds preparing for an orgasm. Why that's half the fun! The phrase *final exam* becomes *final orgasm*—still ominous but far more intriguing. So come on everyone! Have a great set of orgasms. You'll have the whole summer to recover.

D.M.

Corrections

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The notice advertising last week's Hawaiian Nursing Pub should have read, "Free leis will be given at the door."

We regret the error(not half as much as the poor girls working the door!).

If you are one of the hundreds of parachuting enthusiasts who bought our course entitled "Easy Sky Diving in One Fell Swoop" please make the following correction:

On page 10, line 4, change "state postal code" to "pull rip cord."

We apologize for any inconvenience that may have been caused.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

In response to the article published in the last *Toike*, we, the oligarchy of U of T who have had the immaculate taste to attend Erindale College, renounce the crass comments made by the 'phlegm-giners'.

Upon hearing the misconceptions penned in 'Enigmatic Erindale', I decided to brave the long and strenuous journey into the big city to visit the downstream campus, as plane tickets were half price. Upon entering the so-called awe-inspiring complex of buildings composing the St. George campus, I was impressed. I mean, when was the last time, other than in a Roman Amphitheatre, that you could possibly see so many individuals without a purpose and without any conceivable idea about what lies ahead for them.

Next I travelled to the engineer's section. The journey itself was half the experience. Due to the incredible cretinous activities so common to the whole Engineering

Society, I found myself having to rent a small boat with an outboard motor in order to trek across the forbidden-looking slimy expanse of mire which separated these tasteless individuals from the average uninspired student of the main campus.

Lo and behold, the excitement had just begun. I encountered buildings with split personalities (who ever heard of one building with two names!), as well as several drooling obsequious insects who found it necessary to display their extraordinary mating habits and explicit sexual tendencies. Why were they wearing knee-pads?

I did, however, meet several of the more literate students (after a quick aptitude test I found that 52% knew what block letters were.) These aspiring individuals were doing well, but unfortunately, their studies were to be cut short. Most of them had to go into the hospital to have their noses surgically removed from the assholes of several of the well-known and obviously well-meaning professors.

As a poignant reminder of my journey into the utterly civilized and awe-inspiring world of the

THE TOIKE OIKE

'downstream campus', I took back with me one student. He sits in the meeting place of our illustrious college, as an example of what never really can be. This pathetic individual (one of the few specimens still able to function in a reasonable manner) has become a liability. The incessant shudderings of his poor wrecked body and the garbled blither that spews from his mouth at all times have become a tasteless spectacle to the upstanding and intelligent beings of Erindale.

Phoebe

Art and Art History 8T7

Hey Studs!

This magazine encourages guys to indiscriminantly condemn equally opportunistic women as sluts. Hey, no more of this double standard nonsense! No more sexual power politics that degrade the female, ya hear?! In case you didn't notice, females ARE in Engineering and expect equality. Hence, either can Godiva or keep her and add, in all fairness, a brainless, superstud, gigolo, sex symbol as her male equivalent. In case you didn't notice, guys too have absorbing symmetry, Gaussian or otherwise.

Eng Sci 8T7



University of Toronto Engineering Society
Association des Etudiants en Génie de l'Université de Toronto

To the general student populace:

Due to the recent controversy surrounding the election of the EngSoc President, both candidates have been disqualified. In the interim, we were forced to look for an appropriate acting President - someone with charisma, a high profile, an unstained character, a born leader, generally an all-around excellent type of guy.

To this end we originally selected John Fitzgerald Kennedy, but, as he was unavailable, we had to take the next-best thing. Thus, we congratulate Peter Kurpis on this unanimous and unbiased landslide etc decision.



Dated this 22nd Day of March, 1984

Peter Kurpis

Peter Kurpis
World Class Dictator etc

This is one of the several letters we have received over the last few months expressing a desire for a column similar to "Godiva's Box" aimed at our female readership. Always responsive to new ideas, and recognizing that more and more women are finding the *Toike* a viable alternative to sexist trash such as *Cosmopolitan*, *Chatelaine* and *City Woman*, the *Toike* staff has decided to launch a new regular feature entitled "Ask the Earl".

Regardless of the desires of the particular female reader in the above letter, the Lord of Mercia is neither brainless nor a gigolo. For that matter, Godiva is not a mindless whore. I'm not sure where this misconception originated, however, it represents a blatantly sexist view that we, as Engineers, can hardly tolerate!—Ed.

Godiva's Box

Dear Godiva's Box,

Yesterday I went to the Med Sci cafeteria for lunch, as I do every Wednesday. A gorgeous girl sat down beside me and took my hand. On my palm she wrote her name and phone number and asked me to give her a call. Then she left.

Tell me, what should I do? Should I call her and have wild, erotic sex with her or should I stay home and study for my exam in 3 weeks?

A.N. Artsie

That's a very good question, Mr. Artise. It's clear that you are in a deep moral dilemma. I have consulted my *Reader's Digest* abridged version of "Freud in 20 Minutes" and I feel I have a simple answer to your question.

You must consult your existential, inner-most self and meditate on the concept of reality versus illusion until you have reached total self-realization and harmony amongst you, your body, and the cosmos. Once you've completely satisfied this goal, go out and fuck her, you artsie shit!

Dear Godiva's Box,

I'm confused about the definition of what an artsie is. I thought an artsie was a person who took Humanities, or a twit with a dick length less than 2 inches. However, after reading your magazine I had the impression that all non-Engineers were referred to as Artsies. Being a Computer Science frosh, I became very worried. Please define for me what an artsie is and if I am one, is there any hope for me?

Confused Frosh
Comp Sci 8T7

If I were a Comp Sci Frosh I'd be worried too. Face it CRT-face you're just another type of artsie scum. Sorry kid.

Dear Godiva's Box,

Recently I went on one of those gambling junkets to Atlantic City. One night I was really rollin' at the craps table. I made about five grand in an hour. I figured I would quit while I was ahead, so I sent to the bar for a few beers. On seeing my Engineering jacket, this girl comes up to me and says she wants to get laid, but she would only do it if I picked up some protection at the drug store.

I took her back to my room and was in bed with her when I discovered that my safe was lubricated, ribbed and strawberry-flavoured. On the package it clearly read "unlubricated, unribbed, menthol." This sort of ruined my whole evening because she said she couldn't handle fruit flavoured condoms. Can I sue for false advertising?

Paul E. Ethuleen
Chem 8T7

Unfortunately not. However, you can get a refund if you return the unused portion of the package to the manufacturer. What's wrong with strawberries and cream anyway?

Dear Godiva's Box,

After being shattered, finding

out my disqualification in the Eng Soc elections, I felt obliged to form the GUMBY PARTY OF CANADA. Yes, I want supreme sovereignty over all Canadian Engineering Students, excluding those Waterloo blockheads!

I feel I am the plastercine for the job given my flexibility and versatility due to my spine of steel. I also can fit into any mold quickly and possess an acute ability to familiarize myself with books. Send \$0.25 to:

GUMBY PARTY OF CANADA

c/o POKEY
U of T Eng Soc
Box MECH 8T6

Thank you!
GUMBY AND
HIS PONY PAL
POKEY TOO!

Dear Godiva's Box,

I am a firm believer in the view that virginity is a state of mind. Do you know how many females I've met who are fucked in the head?

Snappy line, Hot Shot. I'll bet you know more fucked-up goats than anything else.



'Look, lady—you're the one who asked for a famous movie star with dark hair, a strong nose and deep-set eyes...'

Ask the Earl

As a short introduction to this new column, we have reprinted the following historical account from the Toike Oike of February 22, 1951 (courtesy of U of T Archives).

The true story of Lady Godiva is somewhat obscure due to the lapse of many years, but the following is known:

Lady Godiva was a Saxon Lady who, according to legend, rode naked through the streets of Coventry to gain from her husband a remission of the oppressive taxes imposed upon his tenants. She was the beautiful wife of Leofrie, Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry. She appealed again and again to her husband, who obstinately refused to remit the tolls. At last, weary of entreaties, he said he would grant her request if she would ride naked through the streets of the town.

Lady Godiva took him at his word and, after issuing a proclamation that all persons should keep within doors or shut their windows, rode through the streets clad only in her long hair. One person, a tailor, disobeyed her orders and bored a hole in the shutters so that he might see Godiva pass but he is said to have been struck blind; ever afterwards he was known as Peeping Tom. Her husband was as good as his word and abolished the obnoxious taxes.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Earl,

I'll bet you can't think of five words ending in "unt" and starting with a single letter. One of the words must refer to a woman. Let's see how smart you are, fella!

Tricky

Dear Tricky,

Let's see, now that's a tough one... there's punt, bunt, hunt, runt and...um...aunt. I simply can't think of another.

Dear Earl,

I'm in grade thirteen and I'm planning on going into engineering next year. I told one of my older brothers, who's in third year Mech, that I was planning to go into Engineering Science. He turned quite pale and started mumbling, "Not my own baby sister. Oh God! Not her...". Should I be careful if I end up going into Engineering Science? I'm starting to feel afraid.

Pensive

Dear Pensive,

There is nothing to fear but fear itself. Many women do very well in Engsci, just don't wear wool sweaters or sheepskin coats into class. Myopic Eng Sci's have been known to injure smartly dressed women who they have mistaken for a particular type of woolly quadruped. On second thought, maybe you should go into Elec, it's more civilized.

Dear Earl,

Recently, my biorythm was at an all time intellectual high combined with a record physical low. At about the same time I had this irresistible urge to go out with slimy looking Eng Scis. Do you think the two incidents are related?

Curious

Dear Curious,

Yes. A similar situation often exists during the full moon. The only solution is to have a trusted friend chain you to the bedpost and lock you in your room. If you are unable to go "cold turkey" then have your friend wear thick glasses, strap a calculator to his belt and read selected passages from a quantum physics text book. Ooh, Scary!

Dear Earl,

What is this thing that male engineers have about nurses? The



mere mention of the word "nurse" sends many of these leather jacketed bozos into fits of panting and slobbering. Don't they realize that within their own faculty there are more beautiful, intelligent women than they would know what to do with. For guys who think they're studs, they're pretty blind.

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated,

Tradition, my dear, is something that changes slowly. Frosh are conditioned, in much the same manner as was Pavlov's dog, to respond to the word "nurse". It won't be long though until they realize what they're missing. Then, watch out!

Dear Earl,

Why is it that women's washrooms invariably contain some sort of couch or chairs while men's washrooms do not. Personally, I don't think it's very fair. The guys should get them too or no one should get them at all. What do you think?

Concerned

Dear Concerned,

I wouldn't worry, the problem will quickly be solved. As soon as some carpet is laid down in the Elec/Civil Common Room, those couches in the women's washrooms are going to start disappearing pretty quickly.

continued

Dear Earl,

I really want to meet the Pope when he comes to T.O. this summer. There is only one small problem though. Believe it or not, I've never met a Pope in the flesh before. How do I address him? What should I say? What should I do?

Divinely Distraught

Dear Distraught,

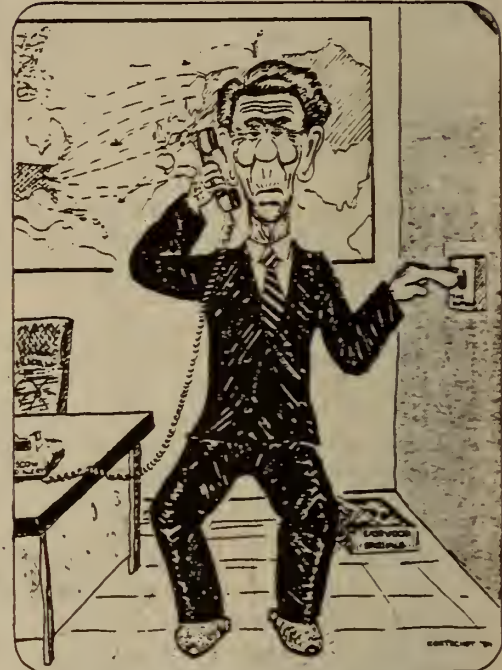
With the excitement and pomp that will surround the upcoming visit of His Holiness the Pope to our fair city, it is conceivable that certain individuals, in their enthusiasm, may act without due regard for his position. Millions of eyes will be riveted on the Pontiff during his visit; imagine your embarrassment if you should commit a social faux-pas in his presence before such a crowd! Never fear, I am here to provide a few choice pieces of advice on the correct way to handle your audience with the Pope.

- 1 Avoid consuming baked beans and beer twenty-four hours prior to your audience.

- 2 Do not cough or sneeze on the Pope.
- 3 Do not use the phrase, "Hey Bud, what's happening?" to the Pope.
- 4 Make no attempt to pilfer the Pope's ring.
- 5 Don't wear your Walkman.
- 6 No Papal profanities, please.
- 7 Make no mention of 'The Big Guy'.
- 8 Never ask the Pope if he wants to get lucky.
- 9 Don't pray with your mouth open.
- 10 Don't snatch the wafers out of the Pope's hand.
- 11 Polish jokes are right out.
- 12 Never inquire as to the well-being of Father de Bricassart.
- 13 Don't try to push hot bibles on the Pope.
- 14 Never question the Pope's taste in clothing.
- 15 Don't ask the Pope if he could write a Tide commercial.

If you follow these simple yet tasteless instructions, your audience with the Pope will be

both fulfilling and rewarding. You will find that the Pope is a pretty nice pontiff, priest and . . . person!



GO AHEAD CONSTANTIN
MAKE ... MY ... DAY!

News Flashes

EXCRETORY EXCESS

After months of extensive training and self-induced constipation, Victor Potty has successfully broken his old world record for sustained elimination.

From his fuming washroom cubicle in Devonshire House, an obviously relieved Mr. Potty commented, "After all the preparation, the boxes of bran flakes and the dozens of bran muffins, I knew that I was primed and loaded. I tell ya, when I hit that cold porcelain I never looked back!"

The successful attempt lasted from 6:00 pm. January 7, 1984 until 4:13 am. March 28, 1984, frequently interrupting hockey games at nearby Varsity Arena and disturbing the serenity of Trinity College. A Devonshire spokesman, who wished his involvement in the incident to be concealed in case

anyone had been hurt, enthusiastically expounded, "This record may never be broken! It would take a HUGE asshole to beat this shit. . . maybe a SAC president would have a chance, but. . ."

When the possibility of a SAC challenge to this record was pursued by the Toike, members of the president's staff responded, "Right now we're concentrating on teaching Bobby how to sit on a fence. The toilet will just have to wait". This confirms the fears of many observers that as is often the case, the president of the Students' Administrative Council once again will be full of crap.

PREVENTION FOR HERPES

Results of a recent quasi-medical study have provided Eng Soc with conclusive proof that Engineering Science is an effective preventative agent against venereal diseases such as syphilis, gonorrhea, herpes simplex 1, herpes simplex 2 and herpes cineplex 3D.

The breakthrough followed the discovery that not a single Eng Sci, except maybe a few dumb Flrosh, have contracted any of the aforementioned ailments. The discovery was made by Godiva's gynecologist Dr. Hew G. Rection after Godiva mentioned to him, "I know that they are supposed to belong with the men of Skule, but I wouldn't look twice at an Eng Sci. I'd be really pissed off if I was bruised by a calculator that was surgically attached to his hip."

Having checked with many more of his patients, Dr. Hew G. Rection found that not one would want to have sex with an Eng Sci. The study concludes that most women would prefer a good Harlequin Romance over an Eng Sci, hence the average Engineering Science student need have no fear of contracting a sexually transmitted disease. The doctor was careful to qualify his conclusions by adding that the study does not deal with the increasing reports of hoof and mouth disease among the upper year classes.

WELCOME to Miller Time



Raiders of the Lost

A curious amalgam of Jewish and Eskimo ancestry, soldier of fortune and adventurer extraordinaire Tundra Knish revelled in his ability to enjoy blubber and cream cheese on a bagel, with lox. Seated at his tiny kitchen table, about to dive into his favorite repast, he lapsed into a brief reverie.

With glazed eyes he recalled the Morocco Madness expedition; the unspeakable secrets of the Samarkand Society; the Quest for the Absolute Oligarchy. He wondered if he would ever experience the thrill of adventure again; the wind in his hair, strange soil underfoot, a goat by his side. He idly mused on the fact that an "oligarchy" sounded like one of those shrivelled black things you sometimes find in a box of corn flakes. The ringing phone brought him rudely back to reality. He rose to answer it.

"Hullo," spoke Tundra, in his paradoxically deep yet nasal voice.

"Hello,... is that Tundra Knish?" came the nondescript voice on the other end.

"Well it ain't the Pope... who's this?"

"You don't know me, but I certainly know you. Do you remember... Eng Sci?"

"I've spent my life trying to forget the four years I spent in that shithole. I...", Tundra stopped suddenly, his quick temper rising. "Listen, I don't like strangers with nondescript voices reminding me of my past over the phone and interrupting my breakfast. Now who is this and what's your business?"

The voice hesitated. "I used to sit in the second row of your Relativistic Condom Mechanics course..."

Tundra interrupted, "Which means you're either a goof or a dink, and I hate goofs and dinks, so leave me alone."

"But wait!" squealed the voice. "At least I'm not a slime... I never sat in the front row."

"That's true," considered Tundra. "I mean, it's true that if you never sat in the front row, then you can't be a slime. But then maybe you're lyin' to me, eh dink?"

"Just let me finish, then you'll understand. What would you say if I told you I know the whereabouts of the original First Year Eng Sci Physics problem set. The Original! The same one that's been copied blindly by generation upon generation of Eng Sci F!rosh." The non-descript voice now carried a tinge of excitement.

"Just some joker trying to send me on a wild goose chase. But... I wonder," he mused. "Oh well."

Tess offered the drink to Tundra, who politely but firmly refused it. "I won't need any drinks for a while. Never mind a hangover, I was drunk when I got up this morning. Ever try brushing your teeth with Ozonol?"

"Well, at least you won't get any gum infections," replied Tess.

Tundra ignored this, and continued to ponder the phone call. "Pious Plato...Pious Plato... Hot damn sum-bitch!"

"Hot buttered buzzard balls, we've got us an adventure, woman!"

"Oh yeah? I thought it was hidden in a vault at UCLA, beside the standard metre and kilogram." Tundra's natural sarcasm concealed his mounting interest at the prospect of adventure.

"Think of it Tundra...", the voice prodded. "An Ivey original!" Just then the doorbell rang.

"Come in, it's open," called Tundra.

Tess walked in and threw herself on the couch. Tundra's constant companion in all kinds of adventures, kicked off her Peter-Pan getaways and went to fix a drink, while Tundra completed the phone call.

"You know, I haven't had a decent adventure since that Oligarchy thing," said Tundra wistfully. "Gimme the goods."

The voice now spoke rapidly. "I know you like a mystery Knish, so this is all I'm going to tell you." The voice paused, then spoke. "Pious... Plato's... Pleasures." Click.

"Who was that, darling?" spoke Tess.

"What is it?" queried Tess.

"How could I forget? That's the most famous whorehouse in Algiers!" He quickly explained the phone call to Tess. "Hot buttered buzzard balls, we've got us an adventure, woman!"

It was hot. The jolting camel ride had been most unpleasant for the pair, (especially Tess). Upon reaching the outskirts of town, Tundra and Tess dismounted, tied their camels to a handy cactus, and stepped into a waiting limousine.

"Tundra, you're getting old," chided Tess. "Five years ago you would've ridden those camels right into town. Look at you now."

"Five years ago I'd have bugged them until their humps fell off... and I can still do it if I feel like it. So there!" responded Tundra irritably.

"Okay. I was only kidding," said Tess.

"Driver, Pious Plato's, please," said Tundra officiously.

"No, no," replied the turbanned chauffeur. "It is said correctly,

Mark



'Pious Plato's Pleasures,' not is please..." He spoke in broken, generally shitty English.

"Fuck, just take me to the whorehouse," said Tundra.

"Say is please," responded the chauffeur mischievously.

"I said 'please' already," cried Tundra angrily.

With a twinkle in his eye, the chauffeur responded, "Who's on first?"

At this, Tundra sprang out of the car, grabbed the would-be comedian by the scruff of his dirty robe, and threw him face first into a pile of fresh camel dung. The hapless Muslim was immediately set upon by a legion of scorpions and Christian Phalangists, and died in great pain.

"Hah! I've always said, 'Ya don't try to be cute when it's 125 degrees in the shade. Ya don't fuck with eagles unless ya know how to fly. Ya don't...'"

Tess cut him short. "That's enough already. Save your venom for bigger game."

With Tundra now behind the wheel, they soon pulled up in front of a shady doorway, on a shady street, on the shady side of town. A woman of evidently enormous thigh power strutted out the door, wearing only a G-string and a veil. On her left buttock was a vivid tattoo: "All's well that ends well," it read. Tundra blinked. Tundra blinked again. Tess was scowling. "Remember what we came for... darling."

They got out of the car, put some sand in the parking meter, and stepped through the dubious portal. They were assaulted by the pungent aroma of incense and sweat, and stood blinking until their eyes adjusted to the dim light. A sinister looking midget escorted them to the rear.

"We've come to see Plato," spoke Tundra in his best Arabic. The midget nodded and stepped into a tiny alcove. Strange syllables reached the ears of Tess and Tundra. "...ellebrin dulmis....tol

tol gibbrhan....Gee boss..."

A few moments later, an enormous man emerged from the tiny alcove. How this feat was achieved Tundra could not guess, nor was he about to ask, for in front of the enormous man was an enormous gun.

"We have been expecting you, Mr. Bond," spoke Plato in perfect English.

"Eh? Bond...? You got the wrong adventure, fat man...you're speakin' to Tundra Knish."

"Ahh, what is in a name?" rejoined the fat man mystically. "We know what you have come in search of. Before you die, however, you shall learn the secret. It is only fair. Isn't it Ahmet?" The midget bobbed his head gleefully. Plato fingered the gun meditatively and continued. "You know, the...problem set...you seek, is older than your mind can conceive. Carved, it is, on a stone which is not of this earth... which was old when this planet was young..."

"A stone?" uttered Tundra in astonishment.

**"Ya don't fuck
with eagles
unless ya know
how to fly."**

"And you thought it all started with...your physics professor? Ha! Ha! Ha ha! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha..." Plato burst into a fit of hideous laughter that shook the thin walls of the tawdry room.

Tundra whispered to Tess, "You know, a bit of make-up and a beard, and he just might pass for Peter Ustinov's brother..."

"Silence fool!" bellowed Plato, waving the gun menacingly. Ahmet fidgeted eagerly. "What you seek is presently housed in an ancient temple, where the sun

meets the sand, 'twixt the Pillars of Life. An old hermit is presently the keeper of the key...but let it be known that the Set has had countless homes and keepers, and will have countless more, until the very atoms of the Universe grow weary and crumble to dust..."

"Or quarks," squeaked Ahmet. Plato, surprised at the sudden noise, turned to look down at him. That was enough. Seeing her chance, Tess deftly kicked the gun out of Plato's hand. Tundra landed a crashing right to his jaw which shook his massive body from head to foot. Letting loose with one more vicious swing, Tundra watched as Plato began to sway dangerously. Too dangerously for Ahmet. The midget's eyes opened wide, and he let out a tiny scream, before being crushed by Plato's massive bulk.

"Ha! Two birds with one stone! Or is it 1½...or 2½? Heck, let's split this hole!" cried Tundra, as they headed for the door. Two of Plato's henchmen suddenly materialized in the doorway wielding enormous scimitars. Tundra calmly shot them both, and stepped over their filthy carcasses out into the street. "We're off...to where the sun meets the sand!" he cried.

They cruised about town in the limo until dusk. Tundra, familiar with all the landmarks of Algiers, could not, however, for the life of him, figure out what the Pillars of Life were supposed to be. Finally, discouraged, they stopped for a moment to get a bite to eat at the Algiers' McDonald's. Tess glanced out the car window and almost choked on her fries.

"Tundra!" she shrieked. "Look!!" She pointed to the Golden Arches, which at that very moment, framed in sublime splendour, the setting sun.

"Hot damn, woman! What would I do without you!" cried Tundra, kissing Tess full on the lips. Following the line defined by the solar signpost, they could see

continued

nothing on the horizon. They left the car in front of the McDonald's, put some sand in the parking meter, and began to walk briskly into the desert. A black dot on the horizon soon rewarded their efforts, as their destination drew closer by the step. Running now, they reached the remains of the foretold temple, stopping for a moment to gaze at the ruin. Entering a crumbling doorway, they descended a massive spiral staircase, seemingly carved out of solid rock. Guided by instinct, they followed a tortuous system of crude tunnels, aided only by Tundra's Canadian Tire penlight. Finally, one of the tunnels opened out into a great chamber. A few sputtering torches at regular intervals along the wall provided a curious, shifting light.

A shuffling noise coming from one side of the chamber drew their attention. Along one wall, a scuttling shape moved back and forth, busily carving some barely visible panorama on the chamber wall. Closer inspection revealed the figure to be an old man...the 'Keeper of the Key'! He did not seem surprised at the intrusion.

"Hey! Old Man!" cried Tundra. "We've come to get something from you."

The hunched shape turned around and beckoned them over to the wall. "How d'ye lyke it?" he croaked, pointing to an elaborate carving on the wall of the chamber. It depicted a crude, orgiastic scene, with all manner of sexual deviations graphically displayed. Central to the scene was the image of a young man "performing" with a sheep. The hermit smiled toothlessly, and spoke again. "Heh...I call it...Baaa-relief."

Tundra raised an eyebrow. "Listen old man, we're not here to talk buggery. Where's the Set?"

"Heh...the Problem Set. The Problem Set." He spoke with a curious air of mingled relief and resignation. "It's right over there."

Tundra and Tess strode hurriedly over to where the hermit had pointed. There It was. A rectangular slab, roughly 2 feet by a foot, engraved with strange glyphs, disturbing in their utter foreignness. It seemed to shed a light that originated somewhere deep within its solemn mass. Only

one symbol could Tundra recognize; a crudely formed 9/10, near the top of the slab. The original lost mark!

He bent down to lift the slab, but it was far too heavy. With Tess' help, he managed to prop it up on edge. At that instant, a brilliant flash originating from the Set lit the entire chamber. In that awful light, the hermit was metamorphosed from a grinning old man, to a grinning skeleton, which stood horribly of its own accord, jaws clicking fiendishly. Suddenly all was darkness and the two seekers of adventure knew no more.

After what must have been several hours of stiff unconsciousness, they awoke on the cold desert sand, beside the now moonlit temple. Without a word, they looked at each other and headed back to town, knowing they would never again see, nor desire to see, that which was hidden by the ever-shifting sands. Generations of Eng Scis had copied, and would continue to copy...but only two would know the ultimate truth; the final resting place of The Lost Mark.

S.F. Washroom Blueprints

Haven't you always secretly wanted to own a can just like the ones in those ultra-modern buildings? Well I sure did!

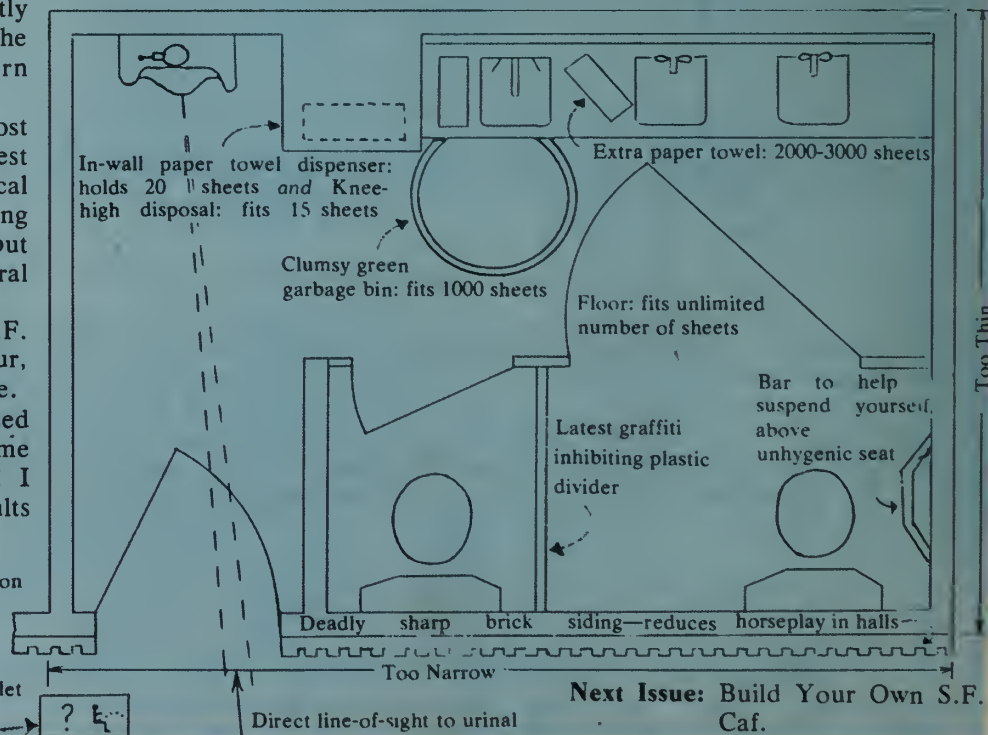
I went out to look for the most modern building with the best washroom design. The only logical choice was the Sandford Fleming building. It is not only new, but built to exacting architectural standards.

My brilliant plans to an S.F. Can, the fruit of a year's labour, are published here for all to share.

My girlfriend was so impressed with my can that she promised me she'd sleep with me sometime! I can't promise such fantastic results for you, but who knows?

Note: this cramped can must be located on same floor as 800 seat caf. Locate larger cans on all other floors.

Interchangeable Men's/Women's signs: let those engineers have some fun



Next Issue: Build Your Own S.F. Caf.



A REFERENDUM THAT DOESN'T ASK FOR \$1.50

We want to know which campus paper you enjoy the most.
Compare the facts:

The Toike Oike

- campus' largest humour publication
- don't need to believe anything in it
- often parodies other publications

The Varsity

- campus' largest joke
- don't dare to believe anything in it
- parodies itself (and fails)

the newspaper

- campus' largest piece of newsprint
- don't care what's in it
- doesn't know what 'parody' means

Use the handy-dandy self-addressed ballot below (address on reverse) to cast your vote.
Enter now and enter often. No postage necessary for campus mail (blue mailboxes such as the one outside Simcoe Hall).

cut here

- ☐ YES, The Toike is my favourite campus paper.
- ☐ NO, *The Varsity* sux.
- ☐ MAYBE *the newspaper* is OK, but I don't read it.
- ☐ I can't read.

ADDED BONUS. According to the Varsity constitution (section 8), the editor can be removed with 2000 signatures! Sign below if you want to help.

Signature: _____

Student No.: _____

Faculty: _____

Graduating year: _____

You could be famous!

Design a Labatt's ad for next year's Toike.

Dimensions: 7 x 10 inches (vertical)
Product: Budweiser or Labatt's Blue

Advertisement must conform to the regulations of the Liquor Licence Board. For further information regarding advertising directives, contact the Engineering Society Advertising Manager at 978-5377. Submissions must be postmarked no later than May 30, 1984. Mail submissions to:

Advertising Manager
The Toike Oike
10 King's College Road
Sandford Fleming B670
Toronto M5S 1A1

★ ★ ★ ★ KEENER'S HYMN ★ ★ ★ ★

Just recently, it was brought to our attention that keeners take time out of their studies to read the *Toike*. For their enjoyment, here is a keener version of Godiva's Hymn.

CHORUS: We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers
Although we won't admit it, we are mostly keener queers
Problem sets! Lab reports! and papers made for charts!
For we don't give a damn for any damn man, we just give a damn for marks!

Godiva was a lady who through Galbraith once did ride
To show to all the engineers her fine and lily white hide
The most observant engineer; there wasn't one in sight
They'd all gone home to hit the books and problem sets all night!

Said she I've come a long, long way and I will go as far
With the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar
They surely were not engineers who helped fulfill her quest
For they'd all gone home to hit the books and study for a test!

CHEER:
Photocopy! Photocopy! Let's do work today!
School of Keeners! School of Keeners!
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
We are! We are! We are the Engineers!
We are! We are! Mostly keener queers!
Problem sets! Lab reports! Papers made for charts!
For we don't give a damn for any damn man
WE JUST GIVE A DAMN FOR MARKS!

**Business
Reply Mail**

No postage necessary if mailed via campus mail.
Use the *blue* mailboxes (eg. in front of Simcoe Hall)

CAMPUS MAIL

The Toike Referendum
c/o U of T Engineering Society
Sandford Fleming B670
University of Toronto
M5S 1A1



CAMPUS MAIL

Get a handle on flavour.



Budweiser. Brewed in Ontario by Labatt's.

Signs of the Time . . .

If on vacation in some foreign land, you have ever frantically searched for "la toilette", you must no doubt appreciate the new standardized international signs that are popping up everywhere. Just recently, the U of T Engineering Society passed a motion to have pictorial signs posted in and around the engineering buildings. It is believed that these exceedingly simple signs will make everyday university life a little easier for people of all nationalities. Someday, maybe even artsies will understand them.



Eng. Buildings This Way



No Artsies Allowed



No Keeners Allowed



No Ass Kissing Allowed



Med Sci Caf Receiving This Way



Office of the Dean



Sandford Fleming Caf. This Way

Custom Pac-men

The explosion in the popularity of the Pac Man video game has prompted manufacturers to produce revised versions with local appeal. They will be placed in video arcades where Pac Man has yet to become popular in the hope that the local touch will add to the appeal of the game. Here are just a few samples:



. . . for London's punk bars.



. . . for arcades in the Middle East.



. . . for Hare Krishna temples.



. . . for synagogues.



. . . for arcades in The Bronx.



. . . for London's new-wave bars.



. . . for Alabama.



. . . for the Faculty of Arts and Science.

The Life and Times of Malcolm Xerox



As I stand here in line, waiting for my turn at the photocopying machine, I think back to that distant age before Mr. Malcolm Xerox invented his handy-dandy life (and probation) saving device. How were students able to hand problem sets and labs in on time? How did they get the notes from the five lectures they skipped that day? Most importantly, which over-keen Eng Sci dropout wrote the original of the photocopied report I am about to photocopy?

I think back to the time, many years ago, when I first met the amazing Mr. Xerox. He was an ancient hunched-back man who was slowly becoming blind from photocopying his memoirs. He rapidly pointed out that I could purchase a copy of these memoirs from the Skule* Stores in both regular and legal sizes. Legal sizes were twice the price, of course.

It was the memory of this chance meeting that prompted me to release the following edition of Mr. Xerox's biography.

I searched through my vast library of previous years' compositions and discovered a 1980 revised, overhauled, updated version of a 1977 biography. I made two copies of the manuscript and submitted one to my Professor

and the other to the Cannon. They both rejected it, saying it was "A disgusting piece of fetid newt-shit." Naturally, I then tried the Toike. Here then is a copy of this outstanding essay.

Mr. Malcolm Xerox was born along with his twin brother, Malcolm, under unfortunate circumstances on February 22nd, 1919. That day, Mrs. Ida Xerox nee Boil (she was a Boil on her father's side), nine months pregnant, was riding her favourite rollercoaster for the second time when it happened...Malcolm and Malcolm were born. Malcolm was healthy, but Malcolm had a very-rare disorder known in medical circles as Speacheous Fucked-Upedus (Latin for "He'd make a helluva T.A."). The major symptom of this dreaded disease is a compulsion to say everything twice.

As Malcolm Xerox, or Malcolm Malcolm as he called himself, lived out his life, his illness caused him endless problems. In kindergarten the teachers would scold him for talking back. Poor Malcolm! He wasn't arguing, he was just repeating everything they said.

In high school, whenever poor messed-up Malcolm asked a girl out, he'd turn around and also

proposition the girl behind him. Once he asked Candy "the orifice" Loosgoos, known in science class as "the best bang since the Big One", if she wanted to join him for some 'reproduction'.

Unfortunately for our hero, her boyfriend, nicknamed Moose, was standing within earshot. When Malcolm finally regained consciousness, he vowed to make something of his life.

It wasn't until he entered university (Elec Eng), however, that Malcolm began to realize his full potential. He discovered that he could produce two copies of a problem set, prep, or lab report without any effort at all. Soon, Malcolm became so proficient in the art of copying that he was able to sell his services to pay his way through school.

Malcolm's second year economics professor introduced him to the financial benefits of mass production, so he began to work on a project to efficiently duplicate assignments. His first design for a copier involved doing unspeakable things to twenty white mice with a safety pin. Unfortunately, due to the high salaries mice were commanding at the time, the idea proved impractical. The descendants of these mice can still be found in the Sandford Fleming Atrium.

After several other similarly futile attempts, it finally dawned on Malcolm that he was an Electrical Engineer. He therefore set about to design an electronic copier.

In his graduating year, Malcolm constructed what he called the "Photo Photo Copier" for his thesis. Unfortunately, when the professor deposited a quarter to make a copy, the machine swallowed the change. Unimpressed by the device, he forced Malcolm to repeat the course. Unperturbed, Malcolm perfected the machine over the summer and used it to copy somebody else's thesis the following year.

After graduating with honours, Malcolm set up a factory to produce his new invention. Before long, the Photo Photo Copier could be found in all centres of

continued

higher learning. Engineering buildings across North America alone contained thousands of the devices.

During the free-thinking 1960's, photocopying became so popular that students in Artsie-land never bothered to hand copy their assignments—they just handed in photocopies of previous years' work. This plague of laziness spread unchecked until one day, a professor marking a thesis found a duplicate of his own work of twenty years past.

Faced with this embarrassing situation, universities from across the world begged Malcolm Xerox to invent a way of catching plagerizing photocopyists. Malcolm created the Camera Coinbox, which could take photographs of the people doing the photocopying as well as what they copied. This idea failed when ingenious Engineers at the University of Toronto discovered the true function of the dreaded coin box and rigged it so that all the pictures looked like Dean Slemon*.

In his declining years, Malcolm developed a split personality. Strangely, both personalities were identical. Conversations with Mr. Xerox were impossible since he would constantly repeat himself. Ira B. Milps, Malcolm's best friend, is quoted as saying, "He he would talk talk to to someone someone, and and then then walk walk out out of of the the room room only only to walk walk back back in in again again and and hold hold the the same same conversation conversation..." He was thus held to be an ideal candidate for political office. In fact, the effects of this man on modern politics cannot be ignored—even today, we hold Eng Soc elections twice.

Sadly, Malcolm Xerox died on January 11, 1977. He was hit by a car—twice. He was buried in a cemetery in New York, New York. Upon his tombstone the inscription read:

"Here lies Malcolm Xerox,
A saint without doubt.
All of a sudden
His paper ran out."

Sponge in the Sea of Knowledge

Since September, I've been in school
Putting up with profs, keeners, and fools.
Time has passed too slow for my sanity
And now it's time to release all bottled profanity
Don't you know they've screwed up my brains
And stuffed my cranial cavity with cow remains.

I have learned nothing and I used to know all
I realize what I've been taught is worth piss all
The real world is changing but our equipment is old
And it can't be updated for years we are told
At least we don't punch programs on cards anymore
But the system is down much more than before.

I'll end up picking garbage, or pushing a mop
With no chance at all of reaching the top
So what good is this B.A.Sc. Degree?
And what help is flux, torque, or kinetic energy?
No justice! Meds and Dents will have it made
I'll work my balls off and hardly be paid!

When I saw the exam timetable in my pants I did leak
It would not be so bad if they weren't all in the first week!
I've even got two exams at the very same time
The Dean says "No appeal; I did three back in '29
Write physics *and* chemistry, no sweat at all
We'll give you a teeter-totter desk—you write in Drill Hall."

For some students summer vacation will soon be here
But I've gotta retake a couple before next year
All this aggravation is more than enough
I'm off to Queen's—U of T is too tough!

The Core Dump Blues

Here I sit burning midnight oil
Hours of work, sweat and toil
I think of you, at home and asleep
I look at my program, read it, and weep.
The sonofabitch refuses to work
So once again I look like a jerk
The place is hot, the temperature high
As I let out a protracted sigh
It's 2:00 AM and I feel just a bit
Like a rundown, pissed on, piece of shit
My eyes droop, my head is sore
I see happy Eng Scis stream through the door
Looking for terminals, they buzz all around
Chattering away at the speed of sound
Slowly but surely I'm going insane
Hours of work, and all in vain.
Errors fill up miles of screen
And God only knows what the fuck they all mean
Segmentation fault and not enough core
As more and more Eng Scis stream through the door.
And naturally all night the printer's been down
So now I'm saying "See you around.
I'm giving up, with aching head
And going home to a nice cozy bed."

EXAM SPECIALS

AT THE STORES

<i>Parker Rolling Ball Pens</i>	<i>\$2.00</i>
<i>Parker Jotter Pens</i>	<i>\$3.00</i>
<i>Exam Reprints</i>	<i>\$3.00</i>
<i>Pentel Rolling Ball Pens</i>	<i>33¢</i>
<i>BIC Pens: Medium</i>	<i>20¢</i>
<i> Fine</i>	<i>28¢</i>
<i> Extra Fine</i>	<i>43¢</i>
<i>Mars Graphic Brush Markers . . .</i>	<i>28¢</i>
<i>3-Hole Punch</i>	<i>\$1.95</i>
<i>Engineering Notebooks . . 3 for</i>	<i>\$3.50</i>
<i>Engineering T-Shirts</i>	<i>\$3.00</i>



*Thanks for your
patronage all year*



Skule™ Nite

The adventure, the excitement, the gratuitous sex and violence!! Now that I've got your attention, allow me to invite you to follow me on a journey to the thrilling land of Skule* Nite! Where men are men, women are women (WOW) and actors, singers and dancers are. . . well, they fake it. What do you say?! You have never heard of Skule* Nite? Well, here is the inside story of this incomparable show, all the blood, sweat and beers; the passion and the pandemonium. It may shock you, it may surprise you, but it will certainly interest you.

Skule* Nite 8T4, which was hailed as "a brilliantly avante-garde example of neo-classical impressionistic theatre. . . ." (Gina Mallet, March 8, 1984), began rehearsals many moons ago

with what then was a cast of thousands. As this cast rapidly decreased to its final complement of talented actors, consultants from the great centres of North American culture were brought in. Fosse from New York, Michael Jackson from Los Angeles and Swokowski from Milwaukee all made the long journey to Toronto. Jackson worked painstaking hours with choreographers Marion and Ron to perfect the infamous *Thriller* number. Skule* Nite organizers were shocked when, only a few weeks after rehearsals began, Jackson stole the *Thriller* concept to make his own, vastly inferior version. As the case is now before the courts, nothing further can be said at this time.

Professor Swokowski, affectionately known as 'Earl

Baby', was invaluable for his contribution to the *Look at Books* sketch. It could be said that he was an integral part of Skule* Nite. Unfortunately, he was only able to help the actors with the odd-numbered pages of the script.

But wait! We have not mentioned the stage crew! Who could possibly forget the fine craftsmanship that went into the construction of the *Political Feud* set? The computerized mechanism used to make the signs turn precisely at the right moment is a closely guarded secret. It is rumoured that Soviet spies from the Tomsk Polytechnical College Review, CKYE* Nite, are at this very moment trying to steal the plans for this remarkable set.

The number of great sketches in the show were too numerous to mention so I'll just cite a few here. Who could forget those beautiful, exciting bodies in the *Steambath* skit? And the girls weren't bad either! *The Dick* sketch, a long one, was well received by all lovers of detective stories. 1984 had some solid dance numbers and *Batman* contained a thrilling fight scene (Whammo!!! Zowwie!!) and a neat-to-keen computer with lights and everything.

Everyone involved in the show from the director to the make-up crew has a lot to be proud of. If you missed the show (perish the thought!), make sure you see it next year—or better yet, why not become part of it? You too can have fame, fortune and fun!



ar·ma·dil·lo \ä-r-mə-'dil-()ō \ n, pl **armadillos**
[Sp, fr. dim. of *armado* armed one, fr. L. *armatus*] :
any of several burrowing chiefly nocturnal edentate
mammals (family Dasypodidae) of warm parts of the
Americas having body and head encased in an armor
of small bony plates in which many of them can curl
up into a ball when attacked

(a Synonym for a popular Canadian beer.)



Toike Oike Joikes

Three priests were on their way to Pittsburgh for a special course on sermons. They were assembled at Grand Central Station to get their train tickets. As they approached the counter they saw that the teller was a beautiful young woman wearing a see-through blouse. Being men of the cloth, they were somewhat taken aback (although a small part of them went forward). Father Murphy, being the boldest, decided he would purchase the tickets. He approached the counter and spoke, as his gaze fell on the woman's protruding nipples. "Could I please have three pickets to Tittsburgh.?"

Realizing what he had said, the priest flushed and retreated to his companions. After hearing his story, Father O'Hara decided to make an attempt at getting the tickets. As he got near the counter, his eyes too, rested on the teller's nipples. He became nervous and wasn't sure what to say. He fumbled and said, "um...er...could you give me change for this dollar in nipples and dimes?"

Embarrassed, he returned to the other clergymen and told them what had happened. Finally, Father Angelo went to purchase the tickets. Not only would he get them, but he would admonish the young tart for embarrassing his cohorts as well. When he got to the counter he bellowed, "Young lady, you should be ashamed of yourself. When you arrive at the Pearly Gates. St. Finger will shake his peter at you!"

Q: Why do elephants have four feet?

A: Because eight inches isn't enough.

Q: Why does Michael Jackson wear only one glove?

A: Because his other hand is always busy.

Two young boys were walking on the pickets of a fence one day, when one of them slipped, fell, and had a picket rammed up his anal port. His friend ran to a nearby doctor's home for help. "Doctor, Doctor! Come quick!" cried the frightened youngster. "My friend fell off the fence and shoved a picket up his ass!"

"Ah, you mean *rectum*," corrected the Doctor.

"Wrecked 'im?!" exclaimed the youth. "Damned near killed 'im!"

Q: What do the numbers 2.5, 17, 32, 105, 2009e37 have in common?

A: I dunno. Are you an Eng Sci?

Q: What do 10, 129 and 69 prove?

A: That one out of three ain't bad.

An artsman was trying to make love to his wife but nothing was happening. Finally, in frustration, he asked her, "What's the matter, can't you think of anybody else either?"



President Reagan and Chairman Chernenko were talking one day and began to brag about how tough they were.

Reagan said, "Well sir, do you see that red telephone over there?"

"Dahh," responded the Soviet.

"Well pick it up."

So Chernenko picked up the phone and heard a voice at the other end.

"Hello. This is Hell. May I help you?"

Chernenko, unimpressed said, "Nyet," and put the receiver down.

Reagan bragged, "That's a direct line to Hell, but I rarely use it. It's a long distance call and very expensive."

Chernenko replied, "Comrade Reagan, dat is notink! In Moscow ve halso got direct line to Khell. But I can call any time; it's a local call."

Q: What's the difference between kinkiness and perversion?

A: Kinkiness uses a feather—perversion uses the whole chicken!

Did you hear about the great new contraceptive invented by the Varsity? You put a 'Varsity Yes' button in your shoe and it makes you limp for a week.

A lady walks into a lingerie store and asks if she can have a message embroidered onto a pair of panties. The salesman says that it is possible and asks for the message.

" 'If you can read this then you are too damned close,' " replied the woman.

"Fine," smiled the salesman, "Will that be script or block lettering?"

"Braille."



"TUTORING'LL BE AN EXTRA TWENTY"

TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL
UNIVERSITY AVENUE
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DATE: April 5, 1984
TO: President, Eng Soc
ADDRESS: Engineering Society
U of T

Dear Mr. William Hollings,

Please be advised that your optrectomy operation is scheduled for

April 13, 1984

The purpose of this delicate operation is to sever the cord that connects your eyes to your rectum, and hopefully get rid of your shitty outlook on life.

Yours very truly,

TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL

DR. I. Graber

EG/elt

TOIKE CLASSIFIEDS

EARN extra money in your spare time! Four slobes require maid once/week to clean house. Apply 185 Beverly, no. 2.

FOURTH year ELEC, tall, handsome, witty, charming, great dancer, helluvaguy needs warm cuddly understanding tutor to help pass this term, or to double for me at exams. Reply with qualifications to room SFB670.

ARE you sick of snow? Do you need someone to do some shovelling? Expert shoveller available. Phone ABK. See washroom wall for phone number.

WANTED: Lawyer for engineering newspaper. Contact University of Sask, Eng. Student's Society. Must be familiar with Human Rights laws.

THESES TYPED If your thesis has anything to do with mine—I'll type it for free. What a deal!! Call 555-1545 and ask for Ima Desperate.

WANTED: a fair election and honourable candidates. No experience necessary (none exists).

IF you'd like a personal demonstration of why certain SAC director candidate doesn't have anything to hide, call Rob at 978-4911.

WANTED: Any SAC, Eng Soc, class rep., etc. position. Urgent! Contact Rob C. or Nick I.

WRITE now for your free copy of "SIXTY Underhanded Ways to Win a Regatta". This offer is not available in stores. Protest Flags of the World Inc.

LOST - 1 brown wallet containing \$200 and I.D.. Please call Steve from Waterloo.

RELATIVELY attractive, normal male seeks an expert relationship with a large sheep. Send responses to Melvin Smallpecker.

FOUND 1 smelly brown wallet containing \$10. For return, please send \$10 shipping and handling charge to Good Samaritan Enterprises Inc.

GREAT party idea. Inflatable condom balloons. Guaranteed to raise spirits at any party. Durable too. Available at the Stores.

PHOTOGRAPHER required to accompany fourth year electrical engineering student to social functions. Will pay large sums for all shots of himself. Contact Joe Streef, former Head Joe of Club Elec.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Due to his devotion and self-sacrifice to the causes of his classmates, Joe Streef has been officially named as a Distinguished Fellow of the Electrical Engineering Class of 8T4 and is awarded the Black Flag Award for being a ROACH who never says die.

CONGRATULATIONS to Litsa and Chris Bouris. They are this year's recipients of the coveted Elec 8T4 Distinguished Service Award.

WANTED: expert pest exterminator. Must have experience with loud, card-playing creatures who eat like pigs and leave their filthy garbage strewn all over the place. Contact Yung Hahn c/o Vince Volpe Memorial Common Room.

TOIKE YES! Send money. We'll get even better, honest! 10 King's College Rd., etc.

START a new hobby this summer—collect new and used TTC buses, fire hydrants and prostitutes. Keep 'em in your own backyard! Save them for the Scavenger Hunt in September! Send \$5 for free pamphlet to: Toike Oike, P.O. Box 69.

DEAR Loretto Rubber Glove Gang: Thanks for making March 17th a Grand Ball.

The Five Easygoing Engineers.

DID you know that the most prolific rabbit the world has ever known, Virgil, fathered over 35,000 offspring? Or that the fastest snail can do the 100 metre dash in under one day? If you did know these fascinating facts and/or want to learn more, contact the Eng Sci Trivial Club.

DO rocks turn you on? The largest exposed rocky outcrop is Mount Passion. It is an upfaulted monoclinical gritty conglomerate. For more rock classics, contact the rock division of the Eng Sci Trivial Club.

ILLNESSES required before final exams. All serious ailments will be tried!! Leave envelopes at the porter's desk, New College.

What do all these
people have in common?



They've all been to

DJ'S

Where Wednesdays are
\$1.65 Pub Nights

700 University Avenue at College under the Hydro Building